

WORONI

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Successful applicants will commence in Canberra in January, 1965. Some positions may be available in capital cities other than Canberra.

Editorial

The size of the space below is directly proportional to the effect of editorials on the reading public.

MARTIN ELECTED FOR COUNCIL

I am rather overwhelmed at this moment and also somewhat inarticulate because of a wait of too long a period with less than enough sleep.

But at last the establishment that roared for a change has been given quite a nudge.

To think that more than thirteen hundred people would vote for a young untried candidate at his first attempt is most pleasing.

This was only possible by the strenuous efforts of numbers of students who supported and campaigned for me.

I am unable to express my gratitude to those who supported me and voted for me. I'm glad this effort was not in vain and I'll do my

best to keep up a progressive programme.

— A. G. MARTIN



Letters to the Editor

Sungsik Kwon
The Student Times
Pen Pal Club
I.P.O. Box 1964
Seoul, Korea.

Dear Editor,

How are you, Sir? I am very fine! You may be surprised at this letter from another country across the sea but I am very glad to write it to you.

May I introduce myself to you? My name is Sungsik Kwon. I was graduated from the Korea University three years ago. I'm engaged in the Student Times as an editor. I assumed this post newly on June 1 in the place of Miss Yu. She has left from The Student Times.

I was told that our students had longed for going to the Australian continent. But it is impossible for them to go there. Instead of going there, they have been wanting the Australian pen friends. Also Australia is not only a friendly nation but a peace-loving nation so they are anxious to understand your history, culture, life etc. and would like to have the Australian pen friends.

They have been asking how I can acquire someone's addresses living in Australia. With a view to meet their desire to get the Australian pen pal, we have set up "The Student Times' Pen Pal Club" for them.

I think it is an important thing that both countries strengthen our friendship to promote the mutual understanding and co-operation between our nation and that all the nations in the world should pay tribute to the world peace, the mutual comprehension and co-operation among them.

I can assure you that this correspondence with each other is a way for being able to accomplish this thing.

Would you please tell your readers about it?

I'm sure of your contributing my request in your newspaper.

May God bless you, Sir.
Sincerely yours,

SUNGSIK KWON
(Ed. — Someone write to him, chaps).

Sir, — On arriving in this city, I immediately began to peruse the graphiti on the various public toilet walls in this our Australian capital.

May I say, Sir, that I am appalled that Canberra so far ahead of its sister cities in many respects has not yet produced a good class of graphiti writers.

The dismal collection to be found on the Garema Place public toilets is laughable, compared to the literary gems found in such well-known Sydney spots as the North Sydney Oval Public Conveniences and that Mecca of dedicated graphiti writers, the Sydney Cricket Ground Easance.

I note the tendency of local graphitists to wallow in the most basic type of images. Such scratchings would turn the stomach of the da

Vinci of Australian graphitists, Howard Griffin-Poley, cold with horror.

May I suggest, Sir, that "Woroni" in an effort to improve the standard of A.C.T. graphiti employ a squad of six highly trained graphitists in an attempt to make life pleasurable for the many of us who spend frustrating hours furthering heroically our National culture.

FRED HATT
Cubicle 3.
Garema Place

Sir, — I was appalled to read in the "Australian" that Mr. Graanek intends to place guards at the General Studies Library exit.

Sydney and Melbourne have resorted to same measures against the disappearance of Library books, yet Sydney University has been complaining this year against an even greater number of thefts.

Books are one of the few things that should not be infected by the microbes of ownership. Through "Woroni" I'd like to appeal to those who have taken books out to return them as soon as possible, and don't say to yourself that no one reads them anyway.

But I would also like to appeal to Mr. Graanek to withdraw his decision.

So far the Library has maintained a free and easy atmosphere, and though the doors are hard to push open I still prefer them to be just doors and not some miser's portals.

Please Mr. Graanek, we spend so much money on equipment used once a year, on digging and re-digging the roads cant the University allocate some money to cover the loss of books?

Besides the guards don't help. There are many ways to beat them especially when you're really in need of a book overnight. Carry with you a datestamp, stamp the book, remove the blue card and don't you see? It's official!

— C.H.

Sir, — Enclosed is a work of minor, nay, I should say foresooth, major, brilliance. It presents four years Law and two years Arts experience of life, liberty and a pursuit of sex. It is a definite contribution of recorded history and literature and you will never forgive yourself if it is not immortalised.

There were 15 major speaking parts and a cast of several thousand. Bantu pigmies and two humans and a dog involved in its completion. It was begun in 1215 and has just been completed after ten minutes tireless work.

I suggest the front page in 70 pt. caps might be a fitting tribute to the authors, until now unsung, and hiding their lights under bushes and all that hayseed jazz.

Please print it. Please, please, please, please, please, please, please, please, please, please, will ya?

— WILLIAM MARSHALL
JACK WACJAM

P.S. — Letter may also be printed for small remuneration of 15,000,000 sow bug-gian pesetas.

ED. — See it immortalised on page 3.

Student Relations

Annually each Australian into the treasure chest of the N.U.A.U.S. This brings the Unions revenue to over £10,000 a year. A lot of money of which, says Melbourne University, N.U.A.U.S. can't justify the spending. "What does the average student really benefit?" they ask, pondering whether to withdraw from the Union.

This was the main point brought by Melbourne University to the four day N.U.A.U.S. Council meeting held in August. The final session ended at four in the morning.

John Ridley, of Sydney, has been elected to the presidency of the National Union, replacing Robbie MacDonald.

Vice-president is John Slee, of South Australia.

N.U.A.U.S. Council also decided to have a lash at South African Apartheid setting up a special committee for condemning it.

Actually this will mean raising more money. Director of Anti-apartheid campaign is Bobby Gledhill, of Sydney University.

Much of the time was spent in amending statements, the constitution or condemnatory motions.

On Tuesday night it was decided to make a statement concerning the Vietnamese student riots.

After a good hour of de-

liberation and twisting of nuances the Council was informed of General Khan's resignation which took place five hours earlier. But accidents like this were not frequent.

Discussions during the Conference were of a high level of information, which left some of the fresher members of the Council well behind.

The relation of N.U.A.U.S. with the student world at large was frequently discussed, which meant heated arguments on Australia's position in the international New Zealand Christchurch Conference.

Much of the happenings took place in the meeting room's lobby, which is the University's cafeteria.

Though student politicians are big fish in small ponds their ways and manners of settling issues are similar to those in any government's ante-room. It is only the stakes that are smaller here.

For the first time in many years it was felt at the Conference that the N.U.A.U.S. is not a fait accompli. It is not there carved in immortal monolith. This will mean that in future more attention will be given to internal student matters since too much negligence could well mean the end of the establishment itself.

In and Out of Bungendore

Some twenty four miles N.E. of Canberra spreads the little town of Bungendore. On Friday, the seventh of last month we invaded the town's Royal Hotel. By one o'clock the beer-garden was filled to capacity.

In 1961 pilgrims numbered only 30. They succeeded, however, in declaring the small Republic of Bungendore founded. This in 1961. 1964 ambitions run less high. When the local's juke box was brought into the

newspaper slobbered ex S.R.C. president Chris Higgins with a good two pints of beer only to be drenched in his turn by Megan Stoyles.

After a short and stirring address George Martin made an exciting drain-pipe descent.

All this accompanied by Jacko's accordion and Sue Bailey's moralistic pie throwing.

By five o'clock the price of unebriated car drivers rocketed sky high. "Great time for the suicides" re-



AT BUNGENDORE . . .
"Books? Dirty postcards?"

beergarden for the latest hits, all the machine received was a hit in its panel.

Outside police patrolled the area in search of stray vandals. Upstairs the hotel bedrooms were out of bounds for the more emotional. The manager sat pretty. Students were out to "drink the pub dry." But it wasn't so dry. The editor of this

marked Ron McLean, taking the corner at five miles per hour. Some people were surprised to find themselves at the wheel. "But I can't drive," they protested. "Shut up," was the reply, "at least you're sober."

As for damages to the Royal, the S.R.C. was billed for eleven pounds. It's Bredbo next year!



"STILL BUNGENDORE . . .
Bill Godfrey-Smith takes time out.

WORONI STAFF

T. S. McGRATH — Sub-Editor
R. McLEAN — Sub-Editor
CHRIS ARNDT — Photographer
JEFF PRYOR — Artist
PENFOLDS — Moral Contributor

[Any resemblance between the opinions expressed in Woroni and those held by any member of the S.R.C. either living or dead is as unfortunate as it is confidential.]

Charlie the Churl with Wimmen

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Monsters Inc.

Why dogs have tails and cats have wings,
And people have strange painted things,
And homos have their monthly flings,
And Lesos have no wedding rings,
And the ancient Greeks they had no Kings,
And King's Cross whores they have few dings,
Why the Church bell broken seldom rings,
And nuns playing on their organ pings,
For fear record companies will find a hit,
And Lesos will meet a flit,
Why students talk in whispers of "it,"
And the harness in a horse's mouth is called a
bit,
And happy people don't care a whit,
And all I want to do right now is unprintable.
And Charlie was a churl with wimmen.

Why private-eyes they play a hunch,
Why seagulls fly round in bunch,
And Dr. Kildare will never xunch,
Cra-unch!
And Charlie was a churl with wimmen.

Why T.V. sets they never pong,
Why Perry Mason is never wrong,
And Charlie Chan was not named Wong,
And egg and foo is called a yong,
And a grunt and a groan is called a grong,
And Charlie was a churl with wimmen.

Why Adolf Sicklegruber wasn't a Jew,
And good dogs there are so few,
And we all hate Commies too,
And nineteenth century boots are new,
Why Flossie and John and Bill and Tom and
Harry all had the flu,
And Charlie was a churl with wimmen.

And a leprechaun is called a fey,
And why bottomless dresses are here to stay,
And bourgeoisie are never gay,
And who's with who and who won't pay,

And the ones that get them that do, they may,
And it feels better at night than day,
And why aberated matadors keeps bulls at bay,
And Charlie was a churl with wimmen.

Why N.S.W. students they pinch the crocs,
Why Bob Dyer always gives the box,
And if you're big it's sic vita and small, it's pox,
And why they warned the Annexe-hofs,
Against life and Uni and the hard knocks
Of life and Halls and House, Lennox,
And Charlie was a churl with wimmen.

And why Milligan built a foon,
And why there's always too much too soon,
Why you can't eat custard with a spoon,
And July always follows June,
Why L. J. Hooker watches the moon,
Why Paladin is called Dick Boone,
And why Gary Cooper kills them all at noon,
Because he's maladjusted,
And Charlie was a churl with wimmen.

Why Plowman takes it all in cold, hard cash,
And Tharunka banned the "Lash,"
And the food at A.N.U. is all pure mash,
And everything good goes in and out in a flash,
Up, up and away!
And Charlie was a churl with wimmen.

And everyone is ever so fond,
Of 007 square-'em-away James Bond,
And fazamagooyupotazoxypalond,
And egg-foo-yong-prawns-and-fried-rice,
And weiner-schnitzel-and-Chateau-Hond,
Tastes good,
And Charlie was a churl with wimmen.

With a hey-nony-retch,
Cha-Cha,
Explaining why:
Charlie was a churl with wimmen.

THE NATIONALIST SOCIALIST PARTY OF AUSTRALIA

(By E. R. CAWTHON)

In the ancient world there was a school of philosophy known as Stoicism. The Ancient Greek and Roman Stoics challenged the materialism which they saw to be corrupting and undermining their cultures and taught that men should submit their wills to the laws of nature and should under no circumstances regard themselves as being aloof or invulnerable to natural processes.

They realised that man is but a child of nature, a child gifted intellectually over his animal cousins, but who, nevertheless, must conform to the basic rules or laws if he was to survive and evolve in accordance with natural processes. But by using his reason man could reach great heights and achievements.

The Stoic concept was vigorously attacked and criticised by the materialist elements, for it demanded the general good rather than self-good, the suppression of greed and luxury, and strict conformity to ethical standards.

An opposing materialistic philosophy known as Epicurean, was founded, and taught that man's reason alone was capable of mastering and understanding all natural phenomena.

All students of history are aware of the forced suicide of Socrates, whose teachings reflected stoic principles, and of the persecution of Stoic scholars under corrupt Roman emperors, especially Nero.

The object of the above discussion is to show that the great philosophical schools of the modern age are not new or unique to our time.

Today, the materialistic concept of life manifests itself in the Communist and Capitalist systems, each of which scorns natural law and seeks after materialistic rewards or attainments, while the Stoic concept of life is manifested in National Socialism, with its basic simplicity and uncorrupted idealism.

Thus National Socialism is fundamentally different

from all other modern ideologies, of the Left or Right, and so is bitterly opposed by all materialists, whether they term themselves Communists, Conservatives, Liberals, equalitarians, etc.

What, then, are the aspirations of National Socialism and how can they be achieved in highly organised modern society?

How can stoic ideals be applied to the modern industrialised state?

What are the principle obstacles to be overcome in achieving such a New Order, and from what groups can we expect strongest and most fanatical opposition?

It is the purpose of this article to try and indicate the answers to these questions and to encourage open-minded readers to conduct their own research into the true nature and purpose of National Socialism.

The aims of the N.S.P.A. are as follow:

I. To maintain the racial identity of our people and avoid any racial mixing with non-white people. We are opposed to interbreeding between races, not because we regard coloured people as inferior, but because we believe that each race is gifted in its own respect and mixing of races can only lead to mutual degeneration. We believe that it is not nature's intention for different races to lose their individual identities by interbreeding, for if so, she would not have created different races in the first place.

II. To better our own race by improving the physical and mental standard of the people. In natural law continual betterment and improvement occurs through evolutionary processes and National Socialism tries to insure that this natural evolution towards an ideal of excellence is not impeded, but is encouraged, by the removal of disruptive materialistic influences in art, literature, music etc., and the restoration to these fields of the genuinely creative spirit, which has moulded our Western Civilisation; also by encouraging the youth of the nation to partake in healthy outdoor activities to build their bodies and personalities, and to engage in fruitful intellectual pursuits to improve their mind.

III. To instil into our people a real devotion to their own race and nation although, of course, this does not imply a hatred of other races and countries. We believe that it is nature's intention for every living creature to feel its first affection of loyalty to its own tribe or kin. For just as love and brief are natural emotions of all higher creatures, including man, so is patriotism towards one's own race and nation.

IV. To encourage the pursuit of spiritual as distinct from materialist ideals through positive Christianity. National Socialism believes that it is possible to love and obey both God and Nature without contradiction, for each has laws which pertain to their own realm of application. Thus National Socialism resists the modern materialistic trends in religion, which we believe are destroying the real basis of the Christian faith.

V. To combat the forces of organised World Jewry, for it is as a direct consequence of Jewish intrigue and subversion of our Western cultural and religious

heritage that the evils of uncontrolled Capitalism and Communism have been able to take root and flourish. The Jews are so paranoiac and bound by a suppressed persecution-inferiority complex that they are vigorously seeking to implement policies which would lead not only to the destruction of our Western Christian civilisation, but also of the entire racial and national framework of the world. The Jews themselves would perish inevitably under such circumstances as surely as all parasites perish when their host is destroyed. We sincerely hope that sensible Jewish elements will find the courage to resist the mad sickness of their Zionist and Marxist leaders and try to help repair the damage already done.

VI. To introduce a just and sensible monetary policy.

In nature wild beasts eat sufficient food to sustain themselves but never overfeed for the sake of over-feeding — when they do so it indicates that food supplies are insecure and they are unsure of where the next feed is coming from. It is a general law of nature, then, that nature is economical — animals are never wasteful in partaking of her fruits. In the same way must man, as a child of nature, be truly economical, and his money, as a means of exchange of goods and services, must be covered by his production and should not be based on some un-natural or artificial commodity such as gold. Unless this is done great economic distress will result, for whoever controls the citadels of finance, i.e. the gold, will be able to cause depressions, recessions, deflations, etc., simply by expanding and contracting credit, i.e. the availability of gold. National Socialism is fundamentally opposed to the existing debt money system and seeks to free our economy from the clutches of the international finance machine.

VII. To preserve our national heritage. While National Socialism recognises the contribution which modern scientific and medical research has made to human progress and welfare, it objects to the indiscriminate destruction of such natural heritage as wild life and forest land in the name of "progress" and to the wholesale contamination of our own natural air, food and water supply by the indiscriminate use of insecticides and artificial additives. Such measures are pursued either as a consequence of, or to counter the evils of, a materialistic society, as manifested in unsavoury food and other industrialisation. We believe that many such "cures" are worse than the malady and that if the laws of nature were obeyed in the first instance there would be no excuse for introducing them.

VIII. To observe the leadership principle in the supervision of the country's affairs. In nature it is a general law that the individual animal most gifted and best suited to lead its fellows is the one which assumes leadership. In the same way a nation should be directed by those who, by proven qualities of mind and character, have shown themselves capable of exercising leadership and setting an example to inspire others.

THE topless age is coming. We may well examine the issue frankly and assist the change with the right kind of insights by which it may be welcomed.

Those who make a body of disgusted opposition might be surprised to know that they are standing firm, but not on a Christian position.

They are merely standing on a tradition which has some good basis, but also many divergences from the Bible and from the facts of life.

The insights of the Bible and the discoveries of psychology and anthropology should inform our situation and not stand in a separate compartment, as at present.

There are five assumptions made today that are monumental errors.

(1) **People are to be valued by appearances.** From this error comes the code which keeps the outward appearance right and cares nought for the seething cauldron within.

It is the error of womenfolk who must have a standard 36-26-36 figure, in the right kind of bra and step-ins, to be acceptable; of the menfolk, who are valued according to the job, money, social standing or other prowess they may boast.

In point of fact there are no two women with the same measurements, or the same shaped breasts, and all are acceptable as God made us.

We are all uncovered to God.

Men also have more to commend them than what they happen to do, or the outward good fortune in which they chance to fall. To concentrate on appearance is to forget the person and is un-Christian. Bible students may be interested in Matt. 23:25-28, 1 Sam. 16:7, John 7:24.

(2) **The body is an evil thing.** This is Greek and Oriental philosophy, but not a Biblical position. To call a person "sexy" is to make him look a monster, whereas to call a person "hungry" is thought normal. Yet both are almost identical.

In the Bible it is acknowledged that the body is a source of weakness, but not of wickedness.

Our Lord entered the world through a vagina, and was given our exact human frame, for which we are thankful at Christmas time, but forget otherwise. He made stern condemnation of the sins of the mind such as greed, hypocrisy, pride and a hardness of heart that can best be translated today as "bloody mindedness." Sins of the flesh that came before him met much understanding and sympathy.

St. Paul warns that the body is easily used to serve wrong ends, but he also has the highest view of the body as the temple of the Holy Spirit (not the tomb of the spirit as some earnest but misguided folk would have us think). For the Bible student — the body made good Gen. 1:31, Psalm 139, St. Paul uses "flesh" in the neutral sense of "physical": Rom. 15:27, Col. 1:22, Rom. 1:3, as normal life, or pre-Christian life. Rom. 7:5, as sub-Christian life. 1 Cor. 3:3.

Alongside this see the Church as the "body" of Christ, and Christ could not be likened to evil — 1 Cor. 12, as a living sacrifice Rom. 12:1, a temple of the Holy Spirit, of God, 1 Cor. 3:16, 6:19, 2 Cor. 6:16. See also

Rom. 8:11, 8:23, Phil. 3:21.

(3) **Wrong arises from outward temptation.** This is a shallow look at a situation from the surface appearance. In the Bible wrong arises inwardly, in the evil direction of the life which can misuse any situation.

There is ample evidence in life that any known wrong is committed only after much mental preparation of brooding and desire. It is not the immodest appearance of a person which is a temptation, but the appearance which signals the inward intention. It is the inward intention which comes across to us and "clicks."

No man proceeds far with a girl without the green light, but in the topless dress there is no wrong intention to be registered — merely a desire to be natural. Bible students refer to Jer. 17:9-10, Prov. 6:18, Matt. 12:34-35, 15:17-20, 2 Cor. 5:12, Titus 1:15.

(4) **To be a woman means not possessing certain qualities.** Men are expected to be brave, vigorous, independent, creative, self-expressive, etc. In our society

The Morals of the Topless Age

women have been conditioned willingly to give up their claim to such qualities. Our society is far more concerned that boys grow up to be masculine men than seeing that girls become feminine women. Hence the signs of femininity have been outwardly suppressed.

Thought in the Bible moves from an early position of male dominance, but with much sympathy for women and acknowledgement of their rightful place, to the position of absolute equality-in-difference that was at the beginning. See Gen. 2:23, Prov. 18:22, 19:14, Gal. 3:28.

(5) **Sex is too sacred to be in the open.** From this has come the two faced double standard that loudly boasts of our morality as long as immorality is not actually seen.

In the Church it boasts of believing the whole Bible, but would never read in public such sexy passages as Proverbs 5:15-19, Eccles. 9:9, Song of Songs 1:1-5, 2:1-7, 5:2-6, 10-16, 7:1-9 (these passages are best read in Moffat's translation or American RSV).

Nor can they understand that circumcision was the early sign of belonging to God, and many avoid its references in the New Testament.

All the above errors of ours should not be perpetuated. A change to a new form of dress can be expected to achieve some positive good to repair the evils of the past.

● It will help to break down the wall of fear that separates male from female, which our Lord ap-

parently did not know (as when He talked to the woman at the well).

● It will help us to value each person as a person, and not as an attempt after a standard appearance.

● The sex drive draws its strength from suppression. It may be likened to a build-up of static electricity which discharges in a lightning flash. A good lightning conductor allows a slow and constant leaking away of energy. The more sex expression there is in small ways, such as open acknowledgement and appreciation, the less will there be the need for explosive outbursts. In other words it will lessen the erotic flash point danger.

● It will help us to avoid acting an assumed part on life's stage and bring us closer to being real and undivided people.

● It will help focus on the quality of our relationships rather than on our appearance.

There are many who have fear of the consequences. Let it be said that every psychiatrist knows of the widespread evil consequences of the present. It could be worse — but not much. And the evidence of other places and other ages should be studied.

If uncovering the body is wrong or dangerous, why is it that early Christian baptism was carried out naked, with men and women entering the water together? Why is it that Missions overseas today do nothing to encourage dressing, and even see it as a danger because it is taken up as a status symbol? Why is it that Britain (which is noted for its decorum in covering) is shockingly licentious at heart? Or that Germany accepts nude sunbathing on the beaches without any apparent difference? Why is it that a portrait of a man peeing into a bucket could be painted on the inside walls of a church in Denmark about 1500 AD without being thought offensive? Or that pictures of scores of naked ladies cover the ceilings of old private homes and chapels? Why is it that dark skinned people who live in a warm climate like ourselves and bare their tops should be thought "different?"

It needs to be emphasised that those who will form the new fashion are not exhibitionists, but ordinary people who want to come to a better understanding of our whole human situation. It will need the co-operation guardianship and encouragement of the menfolk, alongside the courage and femininity of the womenfolk.

It cannot be done well alone. It needs to be understood why the change is coming and what good it can achieve. It needs to be accepted and furthered by people of goodwill, understanding that our Creator gave us the sex faculty as something for which He has a constructive purpose in life. Sexuality will help us meet others (of both sexes) in warm attachment, in valuing each person just as a person and for no other reason, in fostering of true love, and in the development of self knowledge. For the philosopher there is a teasing and as yet undiscovered link between sexuality, values and spirit.

The point of the present occasion is that no amount of words will undo the brainwashing of the past. Re-thinking arises out of what is done. It is to be hoped that thoughtful and Christian people will seize the opportunity, turning it to good account to help produce a truly Australian culture that will draw its insights more closely from the Bible and will not be far removed from life.

RETURN OF PRODIGAL 64

(By MAGO H.)

"I'm sorry my dear, but you see . . ." and again that all-to-familiar smile, saying, "You remind me of my cousin, poor dear, but I have a job to do, it's not my fault; no sentiment you know . . . you're not experienced enough (too highly qualified) not quite what we had in mind."

Climb down wondering if you had studied harder, could you be reclining on your fat behind saying those same words to other poor sods.

No, no regrets. ("All work and no play, etc. . .").

And was it just stubbornness that made you fight against the contemporary herd and refuse to join in that farce — the Dip.Ed. — the home of all destitute Arts graduates.

"Where did I take the wrong turn?" You muse, having just met a girl from your old school, looking unrecognisably glamorous, on her way to interview the Beatles.

You were brought up to believe in the axiom: that one goes to University when one leaves school: and when one graduates (automatically, Q.E.D.), then the world is at one's feet and my God — how the money rolls in! It's a cold shock when

this last illusion of your adolescent life is stripped off. And in the Cross, men, women and convertibles are making their packet on an I.Q. of 50 and an academic record that terminates at age 14.

Meantime, you catch up on your reading and scan the "Women and Girls" of the S.M.H., while keeping the old corpus intact by sitting behind the receptionist's desk in a twenty-fourth rate hotel in a barely lit back street of Haymarket. Still, you can't say it isn't living.

"Yes sir, second floor, room 21."

"Thanks sweetie, what time do you get off?"

When you get off the plonk and garlic.

But, "nicely, nicely, Clive," "Onward my friends to victory and glory for the thirty-ninth."

Beatle Bible p. 50.

"Nice girl required assistant to travelling salesman. Experience not necessary." I bet!

It's a good life if you can get it; while you sit and helplessly watch Madam Defarge's knitting grow. Thus, with my trusty transistor glued to my trusty left ear, I trip, with dew-eyed hopefulness to yet another £25 week worth of interview. I tell you, its B.A.

I should like, through your columns, to put forward a few suggestions as to the technique of letter writing which may be of assistance in making less unequal the struggles with the truth of future correspondents.

I shall confine my remarks largely to the Defensive Letter, as most people are driven into print by a desire to defend against attack, either real or imaginary, some cherished ideal, or psychotic symbol (on which subject Flinsberg is interesting). These notes may also give food for thought to writers of the aggressive letter as the defensive opening (see Janic), if skilfully used, can disarm in advance all but the most experienced letterman.

A nos moutons then. One of the main aims of defence plays is to obtain Bolster (to use a letterman term). Always seek to back up your own view with a like opinion from other sources. How like Machiavelli to say, "Authority comes before Verity." And, while I should not challenge popular morality to the extent of advocating open acceptance of this dogma, an unobtrusive empirical test is the least that any theory merits.

At any rate, we can pronounce as a maxim to be followed by all but adepts: Always cite an authority — never quote one. The Bol-

ster obtained by adroit citing will build up in your readers a belief in your erudition and a disinclination to challenge your "facts" which is virtually half the battle.

But one should not cite indiscriminately — the choice of authority can be most important. In this matter relevance is not the only guide; the nature of one's public must also be considered. For instance, in a discussion in poetry with a Strathfield

and force you into a chapter and verse quotation. Should he succeed in this, you have lost the initiative and are most unfavourably placed. Better by far therefore, to select a name NOT found in any bibliography or catalogue. This has the double advantage of preventing your opponent from checking up on you and, at the same time of enabling you to choose a name suited to your public. It has been found, for example, that,

the choice of university will depend on your public, American universities being essential in economic circles except when your gambit has been "the great neo-Keynesian of . . ." when an English university may be substituted.

While on this topic may I refer to my mention of Machiavelli and point out how I have avoided committing myself to saying that he did make that statement.

This brings me to the point of "cite, don't quote," for the Letterman is left much more room for manoeuvre if not pinned to a definite statement. Your antagonist, who, by virtue of his challenging you, must be claiming superior knowledge on the subject, would be loath to admit ignorance and is therefore unlikely to ask for a more detailed reference.

Even, however, should he do so you will have at least one more line of defence — viz, "I refer, of course to chapter 6 of his magnum opus," or "a quick glance at the index of his definite book on the subject will show . . ."

— PERCY GRUNTLE

How to make enemies and impress people

public, Shakespeare (preferably called the Bard) is without doubt the best authority, but for readers from Canberra, Heidegger and Rilke would be more suitable.

But all these suggestions suffer from one fault. The names I mentioned belong to persons who have in fact numerous published works to their credit. This means that a reasonably adept Letterman may counter-plot

particularly in the case of university students the emotive content of foreign names exceeds that of "Anglo-Saxon" names quite considerably. For economists and sociologists, choose German or East European Slav names; for the humanities names from Latin countries are preferable; and so on.

To go a step further and avoid names altogether, phrases like "Harvard's most brilliant alumnus" will be found invaluable. But again,

IN AND OUT A GERMAN BEERGARDEN

(By Terry Sean McGrath and Friend)

AS the sun rose over the German Reich in Auschwitz two and a half million inmates woke for breakfast in the adjoining room.

"I wonder if they're happy in there," thought Major Sigie Himmler as the phone rang.

"Hello Sigie, this is Hermann speaking. How are things at the oven?"

"Herm, you son of a bitch, how many times did I tell you not to ring me during cremating hours?"

"But I am lonely and bored."

"Have a Jew." Sigie Himmler slammed the telephone.

Hermann was a highly strung man of about forty. He also weighed something like forty stone which passed unnoticed to the untrained eye. "Heil!" shouted the man and threw out his arm at shoulder level hitting his interlocutor in the right eyeball. "Ouch, I forgot to unclench my fist."

"You've also forgot to practise again, bloody Herm."

SINCE it was Sabbath someone proposed jewbaiting. "What about the calvanists? It's really them I hate."

"Look Adolf, we've got to be realistic about this."

"Yeah, calvinists are rotten."

"Look little man, look!"

Unluckily for him, the little man did look. Goering threw out his fist and the little man landed in a bucketful of detergent conveniently placed behind his chair.

"What chair? I was standing."

Sitting in the bucket Goebels rolled his eyes and dangled his feet against the sides of the container.

"We need acts like this in the new German history," he said and began shouting at the top of his voice.

His singing was rudely interrupted by the local scrub woman who, in need of the bucket, removed Goebels by displacing him on the wet cement floor.

"I say, what's your name?"

"I say it's Eva Braun."

"And I say are we by any chance related to each other?"

Hitler sighed. "Oh well, I can always pretend you're

my sister." They walked away hand in hand stepping into the stomach of a frustrated Goebels. "Come down in my bunker sometime," said Adolf, as she led him into the local beergarden lavatory.

"YOU sit there while I'll scrub the place up," said Eva Braun proceeding to attack the porcelain figures one by one. "You smell nice though," commented Hitler, attempting to kiss the girl's temples. But as she looked up in emotion he missed, landing in a possior made in Great Britain.

"Goddam Jews!" exclaimed Hitler, wiping his eyebrows in some toilet tissue supplied by the local's manager.

"That will be 3 pfenigs please," said Eva, extending her open palm just as outside in the noisly Auschwitz beergarden Goering smashed a bottle against the mother of a local party member.

"That reminds me!" he shouted, "who was the idiot who connected the gaspipes to the showers in my bath-



room?" At this he jumped up, took Sigie Himmler by the waist and began a soft shoe paddle that ended up

on top of the drain pipe while bellowing, "Shuffle off to Buffalo."

"Sigie, I love you!"

"All right moron, hand them over! You hear? Move!"

"But Sigie, wait, you know me Sigie. What if I am Jewish? I am your father!"

"Ah, shut up! Give it here To the ovens with you!"

"Remember Hermann, the Reichstag got to burn tonight or we'll never have that barbecue going!"

THEY leaped in a VW and drove through the streets of Auschwitz to the Reichstag.

"Let me see," said Goebels, examining the key ring that hung from his wrist. "This one's to mother's bedroom, this one to the 'Fetishist's Club,' ah yes, here we are, The Reichstag." So saying, he ran headlong into the gates holding the key between his thumb and index finger.

"Boys, follow!" he shouted and two dozen sturdy men in polkadot uniforms rushed out of the car storming the entrance.

Unfortunately, the door gave way just a little too soon under Goebels' key. Sprawled on the floor they had time to see three naked men hopping in six tightly fitted leg irons, and harness to match. "Oops, wrong key."

They took another run. This time for the Reichstag door. Inside the bleaching bones of old parliamentarians lay embraced in armchairs. "Hey, look at the fairies!" giggled Goering. Then like a gazelle he leaped gracefully, sprinkling everywhere the contents of the tin can he was holding. "All right, stand by for conflagration."

Six ovens down road collapsed under the impact. In Baiterstrasse two squad cars rushed out to have their pictures taken alongside a poster of Marlene Dietrich and the Auschwitz showers.

"Now Sigie," remarked Goering, "you can smile again you big aryan brute, you."

THE WORONI POETRY PAGE

The Lascar from Lisbon

(By Ron McLean)

Before the Ball

(By TREBOR)

Mother tell me, how is my hair,
Is it shiny and well set?
Would there be another as fair
Among the ladies you have met?

No my child there is none so fair,
None so dear and none so blushing,
A princess I could not compare,
Come and help me with the washing.

But mother darling is my dress
As lovely and becoming,
As the one Joan wore at mass
To bring the boys a-running?

Your frock's lovely my precious lass,
May God take you in his keeping,
You never wore a lovelier dress,
Come and help me with the sweeping.

Tell me mother, am I pretty,
Am I like the other ones,
Prettier than Marge or Betty,
Who are always first at dance?

There is no girl like you around,
One so pretty so good looking,
A girl like you just can't be found,
Come and help me with my cooking.

But tonight mother, can I go
With the boys to sing and play?
Darling mother I wish it so,
I'd go dancing if I may.

Then go my lassie, go my pet,
None would tell you what you're missing,
But then I can't, do not forget,
Come and help you at the kissing.



November 23

(By Lyla Narain)

The trip nearly over
Now the underpass
Then the trip to be over
All lost were they to the hearts around them.

Dallas, cheerful, warm, friendly
Then, like the hacking of the tender flesh of
the new born babe
With the cruelty of a thousand savages, came
The flight of bullets
Confusion, terror, amazement, turmoil
A deed inhuman, irreparable, monstrous.

Oh now we weep
Now we wish by God indeed that you were here
to set back our fears,
Yet thou, oh you that like still waters:

Did suffer the sinful blows,
Look down and remember this tearful nation
Look how we weep for thee
Yesterday, today and tomorrow
Memory of you will be ours forever.



To Saitch

(By Paul Vesey)

Sometimes I feel like I will never stop

Just go on forever

Till one fine mornin

I'll reach up and grab me a handfulla stars

Swing out my long lean leg

And whip three hot strikes burnin down the heavens

And look over at God and say

How about that!

Exit

(By Kim)

Before me spreads a frozen scene,
The trees are still
And from them suspended bare
Are all the clocks of life and time,
Stopped is their infinite ticking;
Life it runs, stays locked within its lonesome lips,
Dug deep and buried in earthy silence.

But, no one no thing no person cares,
And nor do I:
For I am coming from a place unknown
Where seeds of dead men lie profound
thrown by a careless fool;
I leave and join another band.



I am sick

(By George Westbrook)

I am sick. Sick to death
of wasted words, expended breath,
Sterility. Of my creative pose,
Making of poetry dissected prose,
I am sick.

I write in cliches — that's a curse.
And think in them, what's worse.
Laugh if you like, show dirty teeth,
Speak out in right but rotten breath.
I am sick.

So sick I choke in my own vomit.
Another one! Can I never reach the summit?
OH GOD I say at least I tried.
The final cliché cannot be denied.

The pitch in the planking was oozing,
The sun shone like brass overhead;
The skipper below decks lay sleeping,
The crew lazed about semi-dead.

O the Bosun's the only one working,
(And the helmsman who stands at the wheel —
But he hasn't moved in an hour,
And soon goes below for a meal).

Now it's watch-upon-watch for the Bosun,
With the greenish mountains pushed by the gale;
And the scuppers spewing fountains,
As we clear the starboard rail.

All the hatches now are straining,
God may grant it that they hold;
The Bosun's cry — "It's number one gone!"
Sends us streaming through the cold.

Once there the crew stands mute in horror —
The tarpaulin's out of hand;
With sea and wind against us,
No man dares obey command.

But a dark man from among us —
The tall Lascar from Lisbon;
Leaps to answer Bosun's orders,
And with the canvas fights alone.

The Bosun calls again, we spring,
And all strap the cover down;
But in the saving of our cargo, he only,
Saw the Lascar drown.

For just a moment then he saw him,
His face made grey with fright;
From his mouth a scream, then —
Nothing. He was swallowed out of sight.

One man down, we dock at Mersey,
And all vanish in a horde;
But the solitary sombre figure,
Of the Bosun stays on board.

The sick, sick Rose

O Rose thou art sick,
The invisible worm;
That flies in the night,
In the howling storm
Has found out they bed,
Of crimson joy;
And his dark secret love,
Does thy life destroy.
This poem is by William Blake.
He is a great poet.

He's also a symbolic poet.
That's why he's great.
When nobody knows what you're writing about,
you're symbolic.
If you write symbolically, you're made
'Cause nobody understands it and you're great, see?
You too can be great by writing symbolic poetry.
It's nice being a great symbolic poet. Isn't it?
Hell.



ON POETRY & SENSE

(By A. D. Hope)

A commonly held view of the nature of human experience is that it can be divided into that knowledge which comes to us in the form of direct or unmediated perception — things we hear, see, smell, taste and feel and events in the conscious life of each individual of which he himself is directly aware — and, on the other hand, that knowledge which comes to us indirectly by inference or report — events distant in time or space, events beyond the scope of sensory perception and the minds and feelings of people other than ourselves. In general, there seems to be no reason to quarrel with this view.

But if we look more closely at the notion of direct perception, it may be argued that while such perceptions are direct, they are not "immediate," that is unmediated.

In vision the eye, rays of light and other media intervene between the object perceived and the perceiver.

The eye is an instrument by means of which we see, analogous to the hand as an instrument used to drive a nail.

Similarly the rays of light are "used" by the perceiver to see the object, much as a hammer is used to drive a nail.

If this analogy is accepted, we may take it a step further: when we see a coin laying on the table we see it as circular, but the image presented to the eye is actually an ellipse.

We may say that the eye uses the ellipse as a means or "instrument" for seeing the circle.

Seeing the circle is usually taken to be not an example of direct perception, but of inference, however.

This is no doubt the case when we first have this sort of experience but in time we learn to "short-circuit" the inference, we are able to see the coin as circular directly.

We have, I should argue, extended our direct perception.

There arises then a concept not of mutually exclusive and fixed fields of knowledge but of direct perception continually expanding its range and field.

The television set and the telephone are mechanical means of extension of our powers of direct perception.

There is a valid analogy to be drawn between our powers to extend the range of direct perception of objects external to us and our power to extend the range of perception of the minds and the feelings of other people; and the principal means to this, I should argue, lies in those uses of languages for other purposes than reference or as a system of signs.

Jespersen, in his *Language, its Nature, Development and Origin*, puts forward the theory that the original function of language was not communication of ideas but of emotions. The language of primitive people is more "poetic," less "noetic" than that of advanced civilisation. Its function is creative,

and what it "creates," I would suggest is an emotion or state of feeling.

Literature, and poetry in special, have this specific power to make more or less directly available to us the emotions of other people.

Once a language embodies this power it can be used not only to communicate emotions directly, but to create states of mind, feelings, attitudes and desires.

Shakespeare can not only make us directly perceive his proper emotions, he can in a sonnet build up a verbal structure which embodies an emotion richer, more delicate, more complex than any which occur, so to speak, in nature.

Music is another means of doing the same sort of thing and in this respect we can properly speak of music as a "language."

It is this special field of art emotions with which criticism in the arts is concerned.

This is only possible when a common life and civilisation allows a people to build-up and maintain the complex and delicate conventions which each generation learns to manipulate and extend.

In a word, literature depends on the building up and maintenance of a tradition, as T. S. Eliot affirms.

When the tradition begins to break up, literature is impoverished and there is a decline of sensibility.

Such a decline in sensibility has been going on since the seventeenth century and one might argue that it is directly connected with the growth of science, the scientific attitude of mind, and the sort of education based less and less on literary tradition, more and more on the accurate manipulation of languages as systems of factual reference.

(Summary of a talk to the Australian Association of Psychology and Philosophy).

BOOKS THE GROUP

Noel Pratt

On the back of the dust jacket of "The Group," Julian Mitchell, of *Spectator*, is quoted as saying that everything in *The Group* is almost fanatically well observed. This is true, for Mary McCarthy is as acute as British novelist Doris Lessing in observing women's responses to situations.

Mary McCarthy starts out with what is basically an interesting and challenging theme; the reactions of eight girls of the 1930's when they are brought into contact with the "real" world, as opposed to the sheltered confines of Vassar College.

The opening chapter highlights this ability. The novelist best demonstrates her skill in presenting the effect self consciously introspective women have on one another's thinking. She scrupulously shows how their approach to situations is modified by their awareness of the attitudes of their friends. In this chapter one of the

girls, Kay, is getting married, and the author flashes kaleidoscopically from one girl's mind to the next.

Unfortunately, the novel does not retain its initial impetus. It is a frustrating book to read for as Miss McCarthy attempts too much, none of the numerous characters becomes fully rounded. As soon as we become interested, in one, she is snatched away, and replaced by another.

After the description of the wedding we leave Kay and her rather taciturn husband, Harold, and take up the fortunes of Dottie, a well bred, somewhat prim young Bostonian. This section which describes how Dottie loses her virginity to a bohemian artist, is apparently what caused much of the furore over the novel in Victoria. This seems unnecessary, the author handles the situation with humour and wit.

The girl's mixture of perception and complete miscalculation of her lover's mental processes is Mary McCarthy at her best.

Here, too we see her at her worst and most long winded, for understatement is not this novelist's forte. She takes three pages to describe Dottie's speculations on her mother's re-actions to her daughter's behaviour.

The relationship between parent and child, and the barrier and changes between their generations could have been suggested equally effectively in a paragraph.

Until chapter six there is some cohesion in the book. Dottie and Kay remain the central figures to a certain extent, although they begin to fade out as more characters are introduced.

Polly's dreamy love affairs and her relationship with her neurotic father, and Prisse's worries over nursing her baby, may be of some social significance, but the reader may find it an effort to raise a flicker of interest in their fate.

The *Times*' reviewer apparently stated there are "some superb set-pieces" in the novel and it is perhaps worth reading it for these, there are indeed some excellent vignettes within the book, but vignettes do not make a novel.

Despite Miss McCarthy's perception, social awareness and feeling for the decade, it is almost impossible to sustain an interest in so many scattered themes described in an overwhelming wealth of detail. . . the end of the book carries no impact and the reader is left with the feeling that Mary McCarthy just could not cope with what could have been a fruitful theme.

THEATRE

The man with the oboe

When a revue actor decides to produce a play about Jesus Christ's second coming as a certified accountant, it is time to queue up for tickets. *Satire* is a revue man's job and revue man Mr. John Kingley is.

The author of "Man With The Oboe," a new American

satire as the play was announced, is Mr. Webster Smalley. And Mr. Smalley is an American. Follow? And he writes this fantasy on 'how nice it'd be were you nice like me.'

And in the play Piper plays this red-hot oboe and messes in politics.

But these politicians are all crooked, see? They steal money from widows and virgins.

Original, no?

And then they get this aboe playing Schlemiel and put him up front. Clever, eh? Satirical, isn't it?

But Oboe's honest! Pure as the driven slash. Laugh? I thought I'd never start!

It would have taken Jesus Christ not to make monotonous macaroni of the author's half-baked, half-chewed sludge.

Mr. Kingley's approach to the play had all the tact and nostalgia of Hamlet fingering Yorrick's skull.

Among those who rose above the roar of the grease paint and smell of the crowd were Mr. Kent in his role of Senator Jenkins, Mr. Firth as two anaconisms and Miss Stoyles as the gold hearted whore, Molly La Douce.

There was a moment of suspense though in the second act when it looked as if the set was going to collapse.

The play did.

— F.H.

Melbourne Drama Festival

24th Aug. to 5th Sept.

England's John Arden has so far written four plays.

At the invitation of Sigie Jorgensen, organiser of this year's Melbourne Drama Festival, Arden flew down from London to attend the opening ceremonies.

The festival lasted two weeks and a good many atrocious performances. The programme was rich, the public had the opportunity to attend free lectures and symposiums, pay to see professional and semi-professional films and to go to nightly inter-varsity play productions.

The theatre used was that of the Melbourne University Union, a patched-up picture frame stage with spacious back-stage workshops. The theatre's lighting facilities are lousy and the planks on the podium creak.

Productions like Queensland's "Alice in Wonderland" done on a bare platform anaemically misfired because of the theatre's inadequacy, though I am told that their home facilities were even worse.

In spite of John Arden's recognised fame, no more than one of his plays was presented and that as a play-reading.

Arden held talks on Britain's contemporary drama, recollected other celebrities like Pinter, Wesker, and had to stand under the shower of audience questions which were well below moronic standard.

Arden himself is a soft-spoken man, with leonine hair and a handsome face.

Melbourne University's contribution to the Festival was the production of *Medea* by Ron Quinn, a loud and lively ex-teacher.

Sue Neville received eulogies from the Melbourne Press as *Medea*. She acted with a clear voice, sump-

tuous gestures and in easy command of her vitriolic moods.

As for the male parts of the play they were butchered by whoever the actors were.

This Drama Festival does not expect to make great profits. These theatrical enterprises have not so far proven to be very successful. It cost over £600 to bring Arden to Australia. Grants were made by NUAUS, their own S.R.C., Commonwealth Literary Fund, and a series of private companies.

The place for next year's Festival as is as yet unsure.

PUBLI CATIONS

The Art of Sharp

There have been appearing lately, in the Sydney Student Press, cartoons, populated by little squiggly characters in different stages of inebriation, necking, status climbing or just plain idiocy. The figures are sustained by a seemingly careless handwriting and blotches of ink.

Martin Sharp is a 22 year-old student at the University of N.S.W. He is tall, thick lipped with kind but cynical eyes. He finds the controversy around his work somewhat surprising. As an artist, to him the problem is not whether to say it or not, but how to say it. Sydney has obviously thought otherwise.

The controversy? Two of Martin Sharp's drawings, "The Gas Lash" and an "Oz" satire have been sent to Sydney Central Court on charges of alleged obscenity.

It is impossible to discuss the trial comments since both cases are sub-judice. Martin Sharp stands accused, with the editors and publishers of "Tharunka" and "Oz." In his opinion, everyone misses the point of his work.

It is not a case of a "misunderstood artist." Sharp's style indeed is fresh and beautiful. Some have accused him of having borrowed from Pfeiffer and Schultz and a few others. These people forget that the basis of all creativity is tradition. (See Hope's article in this paper). Sharp has succeeded in shocking the public into awareness of the "surfie" going on. "Good clean surfie fun," that's all the public wants to know of the "fair dinkum surfie."

Yet surprisingly, it is not the expressions of Sharp that worked, but the things unsaid. There is an uneasiness in his writing that cannot be pinned down.

Urge to Purge

Early in March a group of people, headed by George Maxwell, got together to see if some substitute could be found for the defunct literary magazine, "Prometh-

eus." The result was purge. Letters of praise or condemnation should be sent to Dean O'Connor, who suggested the name.

What has the result been? A mixed one. It's not "Evergreen Review" but at least it's not the Peter Brennan page. There has been some good poetry and some bad poetry and the quality of the stories, articles, humour and letters have been about the same.

Undoubtedly the reason for some of the drivel that is published in purge is due to the fact that those connected with it are apt to be interrupted in the middle of their drinking, necking or studying by a desperate organiser shrieking, "Please write me something!" Again and again the editors are forced to fall back on the same handful of contributors or write most of the issue themselves. Now you can see the moral coming up — you got a good dose of it in a Woroni editorial, remember? Perhaps you don't, or perhaps you didn't read it. Apathy — sound familiar?

No-one contributes and no-one cares. In view of the countless freshettes that this writer has met who say, "I write poetry" or "I write short stories," it is amazing that none of this apparently gigantic output has reached the editors of purge.

Well, what can be done? Very little except the following exhortation — contribute. Why not? Why do people persist in hiding what they are creating? (I am assuming here that there are people creating).

This University desperately needs the literary outlet which Woroni is not always able to provide and it would be a pity to see purge die to cries of "They deserve it" from people who have been saying all year, "I could write better."

BRITISH DECLINE

The game of declining writers

Everyone in England declines. "What's for Chaucer?" London University Lecturers ask of each other.

In the Personal Columns of the London papers people inquire for suitable Dickens or Trollope cases.

The Birmingham Chronicle started it. A month ago it asked its readers to find derivatives to the names of three great French Playwrights.

Since then students and clerks have taken to the hunt.

Mr. John Douglas of the Chronicle, editor of "What's Your Line" column is writing a book on the subject. The idea was originated by him.

Now go out and try your hand at it. Till then here are a few samples:

Molly — Mollier — Molliest

Pencil — Fountain-pen — Byron.

Horace — Horrible — Arrabal.

Arrowmint — Spearmint — Shakespeare.

Holden — Hillman — Austen.

Coca-Cola — Pepsi Cola — Shelley.

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378.947
WOR

B104

This is Beethoven
He is an immortal
(Which is something like a
frozen T.V. dinner)
He also has long hair
The Beatles have long hair
One day they too may be
immortal.
You must be dead to be
an immortal
The sooner the better.



AUSTRALIAN REGULAR ARMY

OFFICER CAREERS



APPLICATIONS ARE INVITED FROM UNDERGRADUATES TO ENTER THE OFFICER CADET SCHOOL - PORTSEA, VICTORIA, IN JANUARY, 1965.

Special entry conditions apply to undergraduate applicants who have successfully completed two years of any university degree course. University applicants with lesser qualifications may be considered for normal entry.

ELIGIBILITY

Nationality. Australian Citizens or other British subjects permanently resident in Australia.

Age. Born on or between 1st July, 1940, and 30th June, 1946. (Applicants outside this age group will be considered.)

Successful applicants will enter the Officer Cadet School on 10th January, 1965, and on graduating eleven months later will be appointed to Permanent Commissions in the Australian Regular Army in the rank of Second Lieutenant. Promotion to Lieutenant follows after one year's service for Special Entry cadets and after three years' service for Normal Entry cadets.

APPLICATIONS CLOSE OCTOBER 2, 1964

OFFICER CADET SCHOOL

INQUIRIES:

The Assistant Adjutant-General,
Headquarters Eastern Command,
Victoria Barracks,
PADDINGTON.

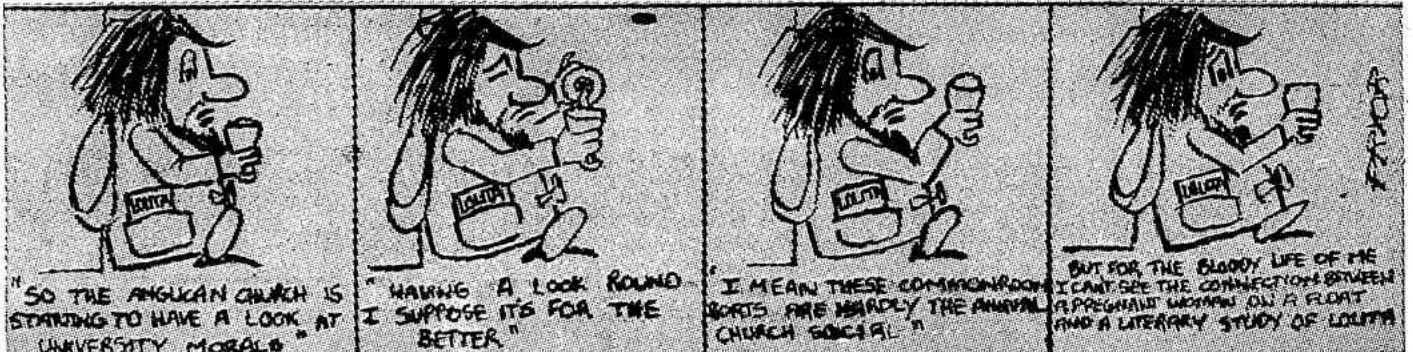
Phone 31 0455

Issued by the Director of Recruiting.

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No Lectures on Queen's Birthday, Labour Day Holidays

University Council has decided that in future no classes will be held on the Queen's Birthday and Labour Day holidays. This rescinds a previous decision by the University to hold lectures on these holidays.



ROYAL AUSTRALIAN NAVY



Graduates and Teachers required to serve as INSTRUCTOR OFFICERS

QUALIFICATIONS

- (a) Graduates in Science, or in any other faculty with a major in mathematics or physics, preference being given to qualified teachers,
- or
- (b) Qualified teachers with passes in mathematics or physics to First Year University standard.
- (c) Aged between 21 and 30.

CONDITIONS OF SERVICE

Graduates will be offered permanent commissions in the rank of Instructor Lieutenant with seniority adjusted according to qualifications. (Normally two years' seniority.) Non-graduate teachers will be offered Short Service Commissions of ten years, will enter in the rank of Instructor Sub-Lieutenant and be promoted to Instructor Lieutenant after 12 months' satisfactory service. Short Service Commission Officers may be offered permanent commissions on completion of a suitable degree.

Promotions to Instructor Lieutenant-Commander may be expected on attaining eight years' seniority as Lieutenant. Promotions to Instructor Commander and Instructor Captain are made by selection to fill vacancies.

SALARIES

(Unmarried officers with accommodation provided)

Instructor Sub-Lieutenant	£1389
Instructor Lieutenant	£1691-2392
Instructor Lieutenant-Commander	£2634-3083
Instructor Commander	£3233-3502
Instructor Captain	£3653-3922

Married officers are paid additional allowances of £301 per annum.

DUTIES

Instruction of Officers and Ratings in academic subjects, mainly mathematics and physics. Opportunity is given to selected officers to specialise in such subjects as electronics and navigation or to become practising meteorologists.

Full details and application forms are available from

THE SECRETARY
DEPARTMENT OF THE NAVY
CANBERRA, A.C.T.

Issued by the Director of Recruiting

N104.113.64

City Service Station

SALES & SERVICE OF LAMBRETTAS AND HONDAS.

All spare parts available.

36 Lonsdale St., Braddon. Phone 45205